

MILLIE'S WEDDING

293

her neighbours with a frigid inclination of her head. She strongly objected to Bindle's "holding any truck" with the occupants of other houses in Fenton Street.

"Well, well, s'long, all of you!" said Bindle. "It ain't my weddin', that's one thing."

There were cheery responses to Bindle's remarks, and sotto voce references to Mrs. Bindle as "a stuck-up cat."

"Mind you throw that cigar away before we get to the chapel," said Mrs. Bindle, still working at her gloves.

"Right-o!" said Bindle, as they turned into the New King's Road. He waved the hand containing the cigar in salutation to the driver of a passing motor-bus with whom he was acquainted.

"I wish you wouldn't do that," said Mrs. Bindle snappishly.

"Wouldn't do wot?" enquired Bindle innocently.

"Recognising common people when you're with me," was the response.

"But that was 'Arry Sales," said Bindle, puzzled at Mrs. Bindle's attitude. "'E ain't common, 'e drives a motor-bus."

"What will people think?" demanded Mrs. Bindle.

"Oh! they're used to 'Arry drivin' a bus," replied Bindle. "They might think it funny if he was to drive an 'earse."

"You know what I mean," said Mrs. Bindle.